Nur. Now God in heauen b'esse thee, harke you sir.

Ro. What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nur. Is your man secret, did you nere here say, two may keep counsell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as steele.

Nur. Well sir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when twas a litle prating thing. O there is a Noble man in town one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboord: but she good soule had as leeue see a tode, a very tode as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I say so, she lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world, doth not Rosemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Ro. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an *R*.

Nur. A mocker thats the dog, name *R*. is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemarie, that it would do you good to heare it.

Ro. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times *Peter*.

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. *Exit.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke strooke nine when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him, thats not so:
Oh she is lame, loues heraulds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Suns beames,
Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble pinioned doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the wind swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill,
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is there long houres, yet she is not come,
Had she affections and warme youthfull bloud,

She

She would be as swift in motion
My words would bandie her to
M. And his to me, but old fo
Vnwieldie, slowe, heauie, and p
Enter Nu
O God she comes, ô hony Nurs
Hast thou met with him? send
Nur. Peter stay at the gate.
Iu. Now good sweete *Nurse*
Though newes be sad, yet tell t
If good, thou shamest the musi
By playing it to me, with so sow
Nur. I am a wearie, giue me
Fie how my bones ake, what a ia
Iu. I would thou hadst my b
Nay come I pray thee speake, g
Nur. Iesu what haste, can yo
Do you not see that I am out of
Iu. How art thou out of breat
To say to me, that thou art out
The excuse that thou doest mak
Is longer then the tale thou doe
Is thy newes good or bad? answ
Say either, and ile stay the circu
Let me be satisfied, is't good or b
Nur. Well, you haue made a
how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, n
ter then any mans, yet his leg e
and a foote and a body, though t
they are past compare: he is not
warrant him, as gentle as a lamm
God. What haue you dinde at h
Iu. No, no. But all this did I k
What sayes he of our marriage,
Nur. Lord how my head akes
It beates as it would fall in twen

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